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AN

EPISTLE

FROM

JOHN, LORD ASHBURTON,

IN THE SHADES,

TO THE

RIGHT HON. WILLIAM P—TT,

IN THE SUNSHINE.

WITH

NOTES POLITICAL, CRITICAL, HISTORICAL, AND EXPLANATORY.

PARCE PUER STIMULIS, ET FORTIUS UTERE LORIS.

OVID.

LONDON:

SOLD BY J. MURRAY, FLEET-STREET; AND T. SOUTHERNE, ST. JAMES'S-STREET.

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AN

EPISTLE, &c.

WHAT dread diſmay my ſoul invades,
And adds freſh horror to the ſhades!
What dire convulſions from above *
Awake me to my WILLIAM's love!—
And is it come ſo ſoon to this?
Thus ends your viſionary bliſs?

* The idea of this unprecedented tranſaction making as great an uproar in the infernal regions as it has occaſioned upon earth, may perhaps, by the ſuperficial obſerver, be conſidered ſomewhat daring; but when it is recollected how many of the moſt malicious Dæmons have evidently been employed in conducting a proceſs ſo truly malevolent, every accuſation of audacity muſt immediately vaniſh.

Did you for this (your Honour's ſtain)
To Secret Influence give the rein;
And ſet both Houſes at defiance,
With all on which they plac'd reliance;
Cramming, unqualify'd, your Vote,
Down ev'ry ſervile Noble's throat? *
By ſuch a baſe, unlook'd-for mutiny,
To loſe your dear, your darling Scrutiny;
With ſuch an army, three to one,
That all ſhould from their colours run—
Was ever ſuch an inſtance heard!
And then, their motive how abſurd!
For all the Daſtards had to ſay,
(And this they meet with ev'ry day)

* It is needleſs here to point a finger to the very extraordinary proceedings of a certain Aſſembly upon Mr. F—x's Eaſt-India Bill, after its having, with ſo decided a majority, paſſed the H— of C——. Was it not enough that L—ds in office ſhould, by a mandate, revoke their proxies, but muſt the venerable Elders of our Ch—ch be ſaddled alſo with *their* portion of infamy?

Was

Was only, that their Leader's Cauſe
Was a *flat inſult* to the Laws.—
So preſs'd, the combat to decline,
And leave you guarded but by *Nine*;
To ſhift their ſides, like venal Swiſs,*
And change their wonted *No* to *Yes!*
'Twill make the world begin to doubt
Your caſh is with *their* courage out;
In ſhort, 'twill open people's eyes,
And make the verieſt dotard wiſe.

And now, ſo quick upon it all,
To hear of HASTINGS's Recall;—
HASTINGS! the ſinew and the muſcle
That's borne you ſtill thro' all the buſtle;

* *Point d'Argent, point de Suiſſe,* is a maxim long become proverbial; how applicable to the preſent inſtance we will not determine.

HASTINGS!

HASTINGS! who, in Mogulian ſwing
Laughs at the meaner name of King!—
And raſhly, in his place to ſend
MACARTNEY, CHARLEY's cloſeſt friend:*
CHARLEY, your ſworn and rooted foeman,
As erſt was Hannibal to Roman:†
CHARLEY, who'll doubtleſs, *prima facie*,‡
Move heaven and earth, till he diſgrace ye—
Why ſure, the wiſeſt of the P—TTS
Muſt all at once have loſt his wits.

* This extraordinary ſuperceſſion, and ſtill ſtranger appointment, comes in ſuch a queſtionable ſhape, we know not how to ſpeak to it.—A trifling period, perhaps, will purge our viſual ray, and enable us to ſee as far into a millſtone as our neighbours.

† To our Claſſical peruſers, this paſſage will require no explanation. The *Country Gentlemen* are informed, the hiſtory at large is to be met with in the Biographical Writings of one Plutarch, a crabbed Grecian; very tolerably tranſlated by Meſſrs. Langhorne.

‡ *Prima facie*—upon the firſt bluſh—as it is very elegantly rendered in the modern Parliamentary Regiſter; a repoſitory replete with many other ſtriking phraſes, unknown to the leſs fertile genius of former ages.

Oh,

Oh, caſt your thoughts, my Friend, awhile,
On thoſe who breathe but in your ſmile;
And, born for your imperial ſway,
(Like *Zanga* *) live but to obey:
Conſider what muſt now become
Of M—LGR—VE's head, and GR—NV—LLE's bum;†
M—LGR—VE, at ev'ry turn your friend;
Train'd to attack or to defend;
And ſtill, with double heart and ſpeech,‡
Oppos'd to ev'ry deſp'rate breach;

And

* We readily foreſee it will be objected to this compariſon, that the ſervility of *Zanga* was aſſumed for the moſt deſtructive purpoſes, and therefore by no means relevant to the caſe in queſtion; but, fair and ſoftly; the ſame effect is often compaſſed by means apparently as different as light and darkneſs.

† Of the aſtoniſhing *capacity* of the former, whoever pleaſes may, in almoſt every debate, have ocular and auricular demonſtration; the latter feature has been too ably depicted by the inimitable author of the Rolliad, to need a further panegyric. Suffice it, that the honourable owner is much more indebted to it for his *ſeat* in the Houſe, than to any other member he appears poſſeſſed of.

‡ For the former part of this deſcription, the worthy noble is beholden to the *unimpeachable uniformity* of his political opinions. For the ſurpriſing

And GR—NV—LLE, youth of matchleſs *weight*,
Great Atlas of your mighty State!

And muſt D—ND—S, your boaſt and pride,
Again be forc'd to change his ſide?
To *Faith* apoſtate, true to *Tweed*;
Who backwards for you read his Creed;
Your Treaſurer, and eke your Treaſure;
Your firm ſupport in ev'ry meaſure;
Who, whilom to your Rivals true,
Is now ſtill uſefuller to you;
And, frame a third, will, nothing loth,
Ere the Cock crows, deny ye both——

priſing ſingularity of the latter he is indebted alone to nature; and of this moſt wonderful phænomenon we candidly acknowledge ourſelves unequal to the conveying any adequate idea; an inſtantaneous tranſition, in the middle of a ſentence, from the deepeſt *baſe* to the moſt effeminate *treble*; from the roar of *Grimbald* to the ſqueaking of an *Eunuch*, produces an effect which can neither be deſcribed with juſtice, nor heard with gravity.

(For,

(For, ſure, compar'd to thee, D—ND—s!
Bray's veering Vicar were an aſs.)*

Oh! was there e'er ſuch glorious work!
Such nuts for SHERIDAN and BURKE!†
How one will gibe, and t'other lecture,
Regardleſs how you rave and hector!
Great R—CHM—ND's Duke his place muſt loſe,
And ſtand in good Lord TOWNSHEND's ſhoes;
And with him his Redoubts and all,
Ere riſen, to the ground muſt fall;

* The political as well as moral rectitude of this character is too notorious to need a comment. The conſiſtency of his opinions is only to be equalled by the immenſity of his gratitude. We ſtint him not to *three* nor *thirty*; nor was the famous Vicar in alluſion a contemptible Latitudinarian.

† The former, as remarkable for his depth of reaſoning, as unrivalled in the brilliancy of his wit and humour; the latter, a ſpeaker far too ſublime for the puerile comprehenſion of the preſent Tr—ſ—y Bench; who having ſo lately, by compulſion, yawned over their Demoſthenes and Cicero, are extremely apt to miſtake an equal eloquence for—*prolixity*.

Redoubts—decreed the waſte and ſcorn
Of *Millions* yet *un*-rais'd and born.*
What triumph for profound MACBRIDE!
(And all who reaſon right beſide)
His wit how COURTENAY will employ;
And DEBBEIGE—crack his ſides with joy! †
And then, ill-fated R—SE and ST—LE,
Poor youths! what torments muſt they feel!

* Here, Critics, ye are preſented with a figure as beautiful as new.—Of *millions* yet *un*-rais'd and born—The double meaning conveyed by the word *millions* cannot have eſcaped your notice; but this is nothing.—Is it neceſſary to inform you, that the ſyllable *un* is here transferable, and ſerves a willing adjunct to both verbs? A writer of meaner capacity would have heſitated, and perhaps conſulted his grammar for authority; it is for the real genius to *ſnatch a grace beyond the reach of art*. As to the redoubts, perhaps in the ardour of his flight, our Pegaſus may have ſpurned them with too rude a heel; the ſtructures, to be ſure, are perfectly *harmleſs* of themſelves, but that the deteſtable idea of *internal ſlavery* is for ever annexing itſelf to that of external defence. Had they been erected in Nova Scotia, or any other of our Colonies, they would equally have anſwered their preſent intention, and been wholly free from every invidious imputation.

† *Vide* the Proceedings of his General Court-martial. How unequivocal a demonſtration of the promiſed forgiveneſs did his G—— exhibit in the late arrangement of Engineers!

From

From talking nonſenſe by the hour,
Of utt'rance quite depriv'd the pow'r.
Unhappy pair! of pity ſure,
Long as theſe verſes ſhall endure.——*
Whom Meduſæan terrors arm,†
See T****** catch the dread alarm;
That phiz, *which frighten'd ſo his horſe*, ‡
No more ſhall ſtop conviction's courſe;

* This very happy plagiariſm will undoubtedly be too well received to need apology. We were ſome time, indeed, ſearching for a juſtifiable analogy between the ſituations of Niſus and Euryalus and our preſent heroes; but fortunately recollected how long the latter had been, evidently—*in a wood.*

† Meduſa was a remarkably ill-viſaged old maid of former times; endued with the ſurpriſing power of turning every perſon ſhe looked upon into ſtone. The perſonage before us is allowed to be at leaſt her equal in comelineſs; and (as if a branch of the ſame family), ſtill poſſeſſes the faculty of turning things into whatever ſhape he pleaſes.

‡ *Obſtupuit, ſteteruntq; comæ*—We are here furniſhed with an example of the dreadful faculty before adverted to: this was ſolely an attempt (*by calling up a look*) to intimidate the poor animal into better behaviour; but unluckily, by too powerful a charge of ferocity, (like the ill conducted impulſe of an electrical machine) the wretched victim ſunk beneath the ſhock.

No more that ſupercilious frown
Shall put ſuperior merit down;
Or, ſummon'd for each doubtful ſuit,
By dint of brow alone confute:
Abaſh'd the ſullen Gorgon feels,*
And, *ghaſtly grinning*, quits the ——!
Lo! T-MPLE, at his lateſt pray'rs,
Impatient re-aſcends the Stairs; †

* Gorgon—Of this prodigy, however frequently it has been mentioned by the Poets, we have no certain or accurate deſcription: Many etymological and orthographical conjectures have been attempted; the moſt probable, however, appears to be, that it was originally written *Gordon*; and muſt have been ſome *Caledonian* of remarkable deformity, who (as is ſtill the cuſtom with that people) might have migrated into a more genial climate. And ſhould this plauſible ſurmiſe be admitted, it will go a greater length, perhaps, in eſtabliſhing the antiquity of *a certain family*, than *Count O'Rourke* may be well aware of.

† The back ſtairs—It is ſincerely to be lamented, that a name ſo illuſtrious, ſhould be thus irreparably ſullied by a tranſaction ſo truly execrable. This is indeed, *the damned ſpot that will not out!* And while we paſs our cenſure on the deed, we moſt devoutly deprecate its conſequences.

But (ſignal of returning grace)
Mark who has now ſupply'd his place!
That voice which wrong'd a Monarch's ear,
No more thy drooping Band ſhall chear——
See Fox the mean attempt controul,
And hear his patriot accents roll!*
" Untaught from Freedom's laws to ſwerve,
" My *Country*, with my King, I ſerve;
" With bold Integrity oppoſe
" Each hoſtile effort of her foes;
" And, arm'd with Rectitude alone,
" For ev'ry *venal* want atone:—

* *Ex quovis ligno non fit Mercurius*—The Author, never ſo conſcious of his own inferiority as at the preſent moment, with all humility apologizes for the frigidity of diction, ſo little characteriſtic of the ſpeaker to whom it is aſcribed. Salmoneus made but a wretched noiſe when he imitated Jove's thunder; and was deſervedly chaſtiſed for his preſumption—He flatters himſelf, however, it will at leaſt be allowed, he has delivered the tenor of Mr. Fox's ſentiments.

" While,

" While, cruſh'd by his inſidious arts,
" My vengeful Rival juſtly ſmarts,
" Be mine ſuch Influence to diſclaim,
" And build on Liberty my Fame!"

See ev'ry loyal heart rebound,
And hail the heaven-deſcended ſound!
Hark! how the grateful plaudits riſe,
And waft *thy* downfall to the ſkies!
Already ſee each Courtier fled,
To hide his now *diminiſh'd head*.

Great H-WE, and G-W-R, and BR-TT, alack!
Muſt *ſtand upon the loſing tack*;
And S-NDW-CH, maugre all their rage,
Again ſhall *get the weather-gage*:*

S-NDW-CH,

* The ſuperior ability of the Board of Adm—y, when under the direction of this experienced and clear-headed Nobleman, it is preſumed there

S-NDW-CH, who, true to real worth,
Has ſtill preſerv'd *a courſe due NORTH.*

Misjudging H-WE! in evil hour
By Fate obtruded into pow'r;—
Bleſt with a *heart* his foes muſt dread,
Yet dupe to a bewilder'd *head*;
Still for ſome fooliſh cauſe or other,
(His pique, his party, or his Brother)
(*Achilles like*) in ſulky pride,
He ſcorn'd the Helm of War to guide;
Till RODNEY from his temples tore,
And on his own triumphant wore,

there is no one, at this time of day, who will be hardy enough to combat; eſpecially when reminded, that in the heat and hurry of ſo complicated a war, more buſineſs was *methodically* diſpatched at a ſitting, than now, in the *dead calm of peace*, is *botched* and *bungled* over in the *diurnal* ſlumbers of a fortnight.

That Laurel which ſhall ever bloom
Deriſive of *his* ſilent tomb.*

Proud G-W-R, the *Lucifer* of War,
His fallen dignity ſhall mourn—
A haughtier, more tyrannic *Tar*,
There never *ſtep'd 'twixt ſtem and ſtern.*†

* The intrepidity of this noble Admiral is univerſally admitted; and it were to be wiſhed he had confined himſelf to his proper *element*. A *Triton*, methinks, would make but an aukward figure in a birth-day ſuit, or conducting the politics of a cabinet. How irrevocably the moment of glory has been ſuffered to eſcape him, will be now too ſenſibly regretted; nor, while the memories of *Rodney* and *Hood* ſhall be perpetuated on the faithful tablet of Hiſtory, as the *willing* and ſucceſsful champions of their country, will the name of H—we be otherwiſe repeated, than as a fatal inſtance, how the moſt ſerviceable talents may, through *pique* or *party*, be rendered uſeleſs.

† For a further deſcription, conſult the annals of the N—vy. Had that Officer who firſt refuſed to ſerve, been ſtruck off the Liſt, the whole events of the war might probably have taken a different turn.—Be it remembered, that we not only ſay as *bright*, but as *proud* as *Lucifer*.

And

And BR-TT, that plodding drudge of office,
Without whoſe aid were each a novice; *
BR-TT, ſage Accomptant of the Sea,
Wiſe Fraction of Economy!
That calmly, while who will may vapour,
Still brings his proof for ev'ry paper;
And ſtill, with fixt and placid face,
Bears thraſhing—juſt like *Yorick*'s *Aſs*. †

S-DN-Y, the turbulent and loud,
Muſt blend with the ignoble croud:
No more muſt vex his buſy pate
With ſchemes and noſtrums for the State;

* The authenticity of our information on this head will not be diſputed: Here evidently the load of buſineſs reſts; and we have pretty freely given our opinion of the ſtrength of his ſhoulders.

† The ſolemn dullneſs of this patient animal, while *munching his thiſtle*, was juſtly the object of Mr. Yorick's admiration; and the difficulty in perſuading him to quit his *ſnug* and *comfortable quarters*, moſt inimitably deſcribed. The propriety of our compariſon, we fancy, will not even here forſake us.

But

But reckleſs or of blame or praiſe,
Retreat—*a Lord of modern days!* *

And all thy real worth, C-RM-TH-N, †
Alas! avail thee not a farthing——
Nor thee thy *front*, poor P-PP-R A-D-N!
Though bleſt with true ſtentorian lung,
And in thy *brazen* mouth a tongue,
For ev'ry arm of huge Briareus, ‡
With craft proportionate to their uſe.

* An animal that Buffon might juſtly claſs among the non-deſcribables: by no means an *ab origine* production, but a ſort of *lusus naturæ*; a kind of *ſomething* between a man and a monkey, though partaking moſtly of the qualities of the latter. We have indeed of late, beheld *creations* that it would have puzzled poor *Adam* to give a name to.

† A Nobleman of ſuch ſuperior goodneſs and merit, that we are quite aſtoniſhed to find him in ſo ſtrange a medley; but, like the *Stork* among the *Cranes*, he muſt ſuffer for his inadvertency.

‡ A moſt tremendous monſter, with an hundred hands, though far inferior to the terrors of the preſent æra; the giant *LAW* alone being provided, not only with the *limbs* of *Briareus*, but the eyes of *Argus*.

In

In vain thy Oratory, LL-YD,
In ev'ry cauſe has been employ'd,
To gloſs the wrong, pervert the right,
And change the face of reaſon quite:
Thy glaſs is out, thy race is o'er—
Chicane and K-NY-N are no more!
Hark! how the tones of ERSKINE ſwell,*
And deeply chaunt thy parting knell.

Poor JOHNNY W-LK-S (and who ſhall doubt him),
Muſt now have *all his eyes about him*;

* To attempt an eulogium on one ſo univerſally admired, would be in the extreme ſuperfluous, while ſound integrity, tranſcendant merit, and unrivalled abilities, are indulged the privilege of ſpeaking for themſelves. How long this favour may be permitted them, from the ſucceſsful efforts that have excluded not only this honour to his profeſſion, but ſo many other characters of diſtinguiſhed reputation from the preſent P--rl--m--t, we dare not augur.

W-LK-S, heretofore that *rod in pickle*
Each recreant Miniſter to tickle:*
Patriot, of Patriots the mirror!
Pale W-NDH-M's † ſcourge, and T-LB-T's terror. ‡
But ſince, grown wiſer in the matter,
Prepar'd to fawn, and cringe, and flatter;
To back each arbitrary mandate,
Ready, as whilom to withſtand it.
W-LK-S, who ſo juſtly once employ'd
The Muſe of CHURCHILL and of LLOYD;

* *Portents and prodigies have loſt their force.* The Champion of Liberty commenced Court Sycophant! The Author of the Eſſay on Woman a Companion for the *moral* Mr. P—tt! Alas, the inſtability of human nature! The glorious Charles the Fifth declined into a Friar; Swift dwindled to an ideot; Telamonian Ajax butchered a flock of ſheep; the redoutable Don Quixote attacked a windmill; and J--hn W-lk-s, Eſq. became——a Courtier!

† Earl of Egr-m—t; Secretary of State when ſo grand a ſtruggle was made againſt the authority of General Warrants.

‡ Witneſs the encounter at Bagſhot, conducted on *his* part with ſuch admirable firmneſs.

Though

Though now confeſs'd, by all who know him,
Fit hero for—a Laureat's Poem.

And further to compleat the rout,
From the bold teſt of *ſpeaking out*,
Again muſt J-NK-NS-N retire,
And but *in ſecret* move the wire; *
Muſt hatch in dark Divan his tr—ſ-n,
In ſcorn of a whole Nation's reaſon;
And ſap, in *ſilent* league with B-TE,
Our hated Conſtitution's root.

* It is as eaſy to ſuſpect, as difficult to prove; there are political truiſms, that, like ſelf-evident propoſitions, admit not demonſtration. When Punch, upon the ſtage, repeats his ſaucy jokes, and ſcatters his prophaneneſs, to the utter diſcomfiture of decency and morals, however we may trace the *Manager behind the curtain*, and *in ſecret* cenſure his abandoned proceedings, the *Puppet* only is held *publicly reſponſible*. The *harmleſs block*, that might, in *other hands*, have proved of real ſervice, (bedaubed with uſeleſs colouring, and dizen'd out with idle frippery) is made the *witleſs inſtrument* for diſſeminating miſchief, and indulges, with aſſured impunity, the depraved inclination of the *diabolical Prompter*.

Oh,

Oh, WILLIAM! dear, miſguided Youth!
At *ſuch a ſhrine* to bow thy Truth;
Thy purity of ſoul to ſpot,*
And all thy Father's Honours blot——
Baſe engine of a baſe Cabal,
Combin'd your Country to enthrall.

Deluded Boy! ah, ponder well,
Nor ruſh head-foremoſt thus to Hell:
So pleaſant ſeems the ſmooth deſcent,
You'll ſcarce believe the road you went;

* However appearances may be now againſt him, we are willing to believe, that this unfortunate young man, until miſled by evil counſel, *though naturally headſtrong*, had nothing in his compoſition peculiarly depraved or vicious, but, under a proper courſe of diſcipline and inſtruction, might, *when arrived at years of diſcretion*, have made *a decent kind of M--n--t-r*; but to launch ſo promiſing a veſſel, before the hulk was half completed—to abandon it unballaſted and over-maſted, without a rudder, and devoid of compaſs, to the relentleſs fury of the winds and water, and to the certain deſtiny of ſhoals and breakers, argues in the conductors an infatuation no how to be accounted for, but by their having meditated againſt the *crew* a deſign that can never be ſufficiently expoſed or reprobated.

And,

And, for the Powerful and Great,
How ſwiftly opes the pliant gate;
Yet, lodge you once but ſafely there,
And backward to the realms of air
To trace the Dædalean line,*
Will baffle both your art and mine.

* Dædalus was the conſtructor of the famous Cretan Labyrinth, in vented to conceal the Minotaur, *ſaid to be* the joint offspring of Queen Paſiphae and a *Bull*; but ſurely ſo delicate a Lady could never have been guilty of a paſſion ſo prepoſterous. The traditions of antiquity are ſo enveloped in the obſcurities of myſtery and metaphor, that it is not eaſy to deduce a ſimple meaning. Might one venture to indulge an opinion, it ſhould be, that Minos, fully verſed in the language of thoſe days, and employing a rhetorical figure (as we now very commonly put a part for the whole, the abſtract for the concrete) to throw *at once* a greater odium on his Conſort's infidelity, and turn to ridicule her paramour, gave this very whimſical conſtruction to her intrigue with ſome *athletic Hibernian* (perhaps her *chairman*), who himſelf ſo very liberally provided his Majeſty with the *horns*; nor is it any thing ſurpriſing that the child was credited a monſter. Who will tell us whether *the man in the iron maſk* (confined ſo lately at the Court of France) had the ſymmetry of *Captain C--nw--y*, or the features of the *Ethiopian Savage*?

Think, if it be not yet too late,
What ills thy ev'ry ſtep await;
Review (ſad fate of *boyiſh rule*)
The tale ſo late you learn'd at ſchool:
How Phaeton, the raſh and vain,
Muſt needs uſurp his *Father*'s rein;
Before his ſtudies half were done,
Muſt guide the Chariot of the Sun;
And, having gain'd his wild deſire,
Think how he ſet the world on fire;
And then, all terror and amaze!
With ſtupid ſtare beheld the blaze;
Till Jove decreed the vengeance due
To folly, matchleſs—*but by you.**

* This ſtory may be found at large in Ovid's Metamorphoſes; to whom alſo we refer our inquiſitive readers for a farther account of the aforeſaid Mr. Dædalus, who, by the bye, had a ſon that got into a ſcrape pretty nearly ſimilar; ſo that we have now completed the Triumvirate.

Reflect upon the countleſs ſnares
Thick ſpread, to trap thee unawares,
By thoſe who, long reſentments brewing,
Foes to the *Sire*, the *Son* would ruin.*
Again each deep-concerted plan
With doubtful circumſpection ſcan,
And, ſtarting from *Ithuriel's ſpear*, †
Behold the covert fiends appear.

Survey yon patchwork India Bill,
Profeſs'd the cure of ev'ry ill;

* It is unneceſſary to remind the meereſt ſmatterer in Politics, of the utter deteſtation in which a certain deſcription of the preſent Adviſers was juſtly held by that immortal Patriot, and truly diſcerning Miniſter, the late Lord Ch—th—m.

† When the Devil, (as we are told by Milton) diſguiſed beneath the figure of a toad, lay poiſoning the too credulous ear of Eve, the Angel Ithuriel, with his truth-compelling ſpear, no ſooner touched him, but the fiend up ſtarted in his proper form. We have ſtill *Ithuriels* equal to a ſimilar detection; but Satan now is grown too cunning to aſſume a ſhape ſo hideous; and the *ſpear* of *integrity* has long, by woeful experience, been proved inferior to the *wand* of *office*.

That

That jumble, form'd of *odds* and *ends*,
Alike from enemies and friends.
With Board *controlling* each *Controller*,
(As each inferior orb the Solar)
Making of *Governors* no more
Than they of Rajahs of Tanjore,
Or beggar'd Nabobs of Arcot——
In ſhort, than FR-NC-S does of SC-TT.
Strange medley, like in each reſpect
To—*Hudibras's dialect*:
For Party, and for Brib'ry fram'd,
And ev'ry end but where it aim'd.*

* The public has of late been ſo unmercifully tormented with Governors and Nabobs, Rajahs and Directors, Diſpatches and Committees, that we will not farther try their patience on a theme ſo truly inſipid; ſuffice it, that of the Bill in queſtion, almoſt every particle is a mangled depredation from the very maſterly performance before brought forward; of which, by the moſt admirable dexterity, there is nothing loſt—but its efficacy.

Your woe-begotten Commutation,*
That *double tax* on half the Nation;
Fining Heav'n's nobleſt gift, *to ſee*,
To mend the ſale of *Bohea Tea*;
(Tho' ſurely all muſt own 'twas right
To hide ſuch folly from the light.)

And next (that old device and ſtale,
That *empty tub to catch the whale*;
Cloaking deſign as wide contrary
As Prelate's *Nolo Epiſcopari*,) †

* How truly wonderful! that, by ſuch a regular ſucceſſion of blunders, every attempted meaſure defeats its own intention. Was there ever ſtratagem more palpably projected (by the ſacrifice of every other intereſt) to ſecure the influence of the Eaſt India Company; and yet, by a felicity peculiar to himſelf, in the very moment of completion we ſee the M-n-ſt-r at war with every Director.

† This aſtoniſhing example of humility and ſelf-denial, ſo admirably calculated to diffuſe a like morality through the lower orders of religion, can never be enough applauded; and is only to be paralelled by the delicacy of the *Conge d'Elire*, which leaves ſo totally at *their* diſcretion the diſpoſal of every ſubordinate appointment.

Your promis'd P-rl—m-nt's Reform——— *
Did ever Wizard raiſe a ſtorm
So certain on his head to *double*
Each former load of *toil and trouble.*

Yet, with all this before your eyes,
To madneſs' higheſt pitch to riſe,
With frantic *Iriſh Propoſitions*
Startling all ranks and all conditions;
Alarming Engliſh, Welch, and Scot,
From Scilly down to Johnny Grot,

* To admit that a M-n-ſt-r (at the time of his giving the intimation ſupported in *every queſtion* by ſuch powerful majorities) could be ſerious, in his intention of promoting a P-rl—m-nt-ry Reform, would be ſuppoſing him ſtill weaker than we are willing to allow. To diminiſh the corruption of the Boroughs, ſo many of them immediately under his thumb, could never have entered even the brain of a Viſionary: And to increaſe the weight of the Counties, by a reinforcement of Independence, muſt equally operate againſt his ſyſtem—unleſs indeed the favourite idea of *Innovation* ſhould be found to overbalance every other conſideration.

With

With total change of ev'ry ſyſtem——
Unleſs they've courage to reſiſt 'em.

Did ever giddy Hoyden run
With half ſuch ſpeed, to be undone?
Was there no middle courſe to ſteer,
From both extremes of danger clear?
No happier method to be found
The tempers of both ſides to ſound;
At once your *good intents* to ſhew,
And mark your *caution of the foe?*
(Arm'd, like *Matriculation Teſt*, *
With *ſalvo* of—*quantum in me eſt*;)

* The oath adminiſtered to Students, upon their admiſſion into our learned Univerſities; by which they engage to obey a collection of Statutes, many of them as abſurd as the others are judicious. It is, however, very comfortably qualified by a *ſalvo*, which reduces it pretty nearly to a footing with the celebrated and ſolemn ceremony performed at *Highgate*, where *the jurors very ſeriouſly pledge themſelves* to maintain a code of ſtated reſolutions, *unleſs indeed the omiſſion ſhould appear to them more agreeable than the obſervance.*

But flound'ring on, *like ram in halter*,
With ſhame each raſh Reſolve to alter;
And *here* to gainſay ev'ry word
There utter'd by *your Proxy*, ORDE? *

Yet ſuch, in ſpite of ev'ry blame,
The faſcination of your *Name*,
You'd held, on baſis ſound and firm,
Your leaſe of Pow'r a longer term;

* *Ecce iterum Criſpinus.* Will it be believed in any court in Chriſtendom, that an expedient of conceſſion, deviſed to obviate every ſpecies of diſſention, and to lull the animoſities of ages, ſhould be ſo conducted, as not only eſſentially to prejudice the ſide beſtowing, but ſtill further to incenſe and irritate the receivers. This is indeed like the fate of him, who, totally ignorant of its merits, intrudes his buſy noddle into a *conjugal diſpute*, where both aſſailants mutually forget their own reſentments, and cordially join to wreck their vengeance on the *Marplot* who diſturbed them. The *duplicity* of putting a language into the mouth of the Ir-ſh M-n-ſt-r, merely to refute it in the Senate of Br-t--n, is ſufficiently obvious, and appears to have been taken up with becoming dignity by the Cabinet of Ir-l--d.

Still blunder'd on thro' ev'ry ail, if
You'd let alone that curſt *High Bailiff*,
And left that *venal tool*, Sir C——l,
Unnotic'd, for your help to whiſtle. *

Oh, 'twould your inmoſt choler move
To ſee, when firſt 'twas known below,
How all the Imps that miſchief love
Grinn'd o'er their antepaſt of woe.

With maniac rage to quit your ſhield!
Ruſhing unguarded to the field;

* The idea of this Prediction was conceived and executed immediately upon the defection which left the M-n-ſt-r in a majority only of *nine*. The *outline*, in many parts, appears to be tolerably ſtrong, and we pretend but little to the niceties of *light* and *ſhade*; the ſubſequent event of the *Scrutiny*, however, has thus far proved our ſkill in *divination*; and upon the fulfilment of its *conſequences*, we chearfully reſt our claim to the gift of *prophecy*.

And, blinded by inſatiate fury,
Run headlong, *without Judge or Jury*;
Expoſing to the meaneſt ſenſe
Such *malice* (as it were) *prepenſe*:
Already do I view thee feel
The pangs of thine infatuate zeal;
Decreed the Victim to atone
For crimes of others, and thine own;
And doom'd, to heighten your diſgrace,
To fall—*at* POMPEY's *very baſe.**

* The very oppoſite purſuits of Cæſar and Pompey it were impertinence to enlarge upon; not a ſchool-boy but knows the *one* employed his every exertion in deſtroying, the *other* in defending the freedom of his country; nor was it a little ſingular, that after having ſo licentiouſly rioted in uſurped authority, the tyrant ſhould ſo ſeverely expiate his crimes *at the very ſtatue of his opponent.* That the *political* exiſtence of the *modern Julius* will ſhortly terminate in a ſimilar atonement, is already placed beyond the reach of *diſputation. Unwilling, therefore, to diſmiſs him without every token of reſpectful attention, we ſubjoin his EPITAPH.*

But

But hark! th' impatient Phantoms chide—
Too far, thy fate's prophetic Guide,
Has Friendſhip urg'd my boding Pen—
Shadows, I join your troop again.

EPITAPH

EPITAPH

ON THE

RIGHT HON. WILLIAM P—TT,

BURIED IN ST. STEPHEN's CHAPEL, WESTMINSTER,

BENEATH AN ENORMOUS PILE OF UNCOMPLEATED STATUTES.

DEFUNCT as ſudden as he roſe,
Beneath this pile *poor* BILLY lies!—
Great was the prudence of his Foes;
And he, alas! not *overwiſe*.

Daring, and deſtitute of ſhame,
Forgetful of his tender years,
At ev'ry thing he took his aim,
And died to ſtill a People's fears.

To

To Deſpotiſm train'd from ſchool,
And thoughtleſs of his *Father*'s fame,
By *ſecret arts* he ſtrove to rule,
And damn'd a P-TT's and T-MPL-'s Name.

And, *as America his Sire*
O'ercame in Germany of late,
The Stripling, further to aſpire,
In India ſway'd the Br-t-ſh State.

To Ireland, 'ſpite of ev'ry Law,
He ſacrific'd his Country's Weal;
His drift an injur'd Nation ſaw,
And met it with becoming zeal.

Yet, tott'ring from each former ſhock,
(No faithful Friend his pride to check;)
Thro' ev'ry free-born right he broke,
And fell (*like Sampſon*) in the Wreck.

Reſentment leads but to the grave;
Lamentleſs let him there remain—
If ought the Kingdom yet can ſave,
His like muſt never riſe again.

F I N I S.